Dear Me,

Today is a very odd day, not only weather wise, but there's something in the air. A hint of change, of what kind I have no idea. Truly I have not been myself lately. ~~[illegible]~~

3/20/86

Yet, I seek that which
few have and no men know.
A gem most precious throughout
all lands, yeah a simple one,
but nonetheless, precious. Is the
need in me too strong to receive
or have I not yet paid the price.

The pain grows deeper, I grow
colder
Shutting up, shutting out
Crying, moaning, begging and
pleading
The days are shorter the nights
longer
Anticipating, waiting - Craving
lust and passion rip at
my soul
I look to the horizon - no
white horse - or one of any
color
When will my ship sail in

April 28 1987

When you awaken from your adolescent years of sleep and reality slaps you like the sea pounds the surf, you realize what a hell life on earth is. What a day to day struggle keeping a smile on your face. Take not the weight of the world on your shoulders. Take those things that you are directly involved in and deal with those firstly. Your life must be molded into an atmosphere that you can cope with then deal with others. First realize that you cannot make it without the help of God, then get on about the business at hand.

How many time have I promised myself that I was going to get my life — "In Order". I cannot even begin to count the time. Even now as I sit and write and get this shit off my mind, that in itself is a relief.

Life is a never ending cycle of extreme periods of happiness and deep lows of depression, disconterments and heartaches.

Realizing this is the first step in utilizing our energy to tap the Universe for those things that will even the odds and help us to live through this hell on Earth.

Carl

Dear Father, May 21 87

Thank You
Lord for be so loving
to one so unworthy as
I. Thank You for answering
my prayers and never
forsaking me. Thank You
Lord for giving me what
I feel may be my last
chance to ~~put~~ ~~the~~ ~~new~~ bring
up the maintainance of
your holy temple.
Thank you for showing me
~~that I am~~ Loved. that I am
worthy of better things in
life than those that I settle
for.
~~So~~ ~~bitter~~ am I, so full
of lust and wanting
~~to take~~ ~~and~~ receive and
take yet I give so ~~little~~.
More I cry more damnit!
I crave for those I feel lesser
than I so that I am still left
riding high.

5 12M87

Why am I so blind
Why could I not see those
things that were here.
Why did I go off endlessly
into the night in search
of that which is here at home.

5/27/87 1:10AM Wedn. Morn ①

Certainly I expected my return home to be a tense experience, but never this. Life is truly a process of living, experiencing, learning and the process is never ending. I'm at a point in my life that is quite like many other parts I've experienced yet so different. It's like I'm in a mirror again - I see all these things that I want to change and get better but helpless to change them or shall we say unwilling but fighting at that same time to bring about these much needed changes. I know ~~this is my one chance to pull it all together~~ so that I can move on to ~~another~~ city and ~~make~~ a brand ~~new~~ start without ever having

to return here because of financial difficulties or living to wildly to survive. Yet if ever (God forbid) I want to leave, in such a manner that I will be able too return to open arms. Which bring me to the point of my meaness and snobbery. I'm trying very hard to improve on these, but some things are just a part of us and are as attractive to others as they are distracting. I'm trying mostly for my families sake. I want us to be a family that will be there for each other.

What's going to become of You?
Jail I'm afraid!
What's he doing for you?
He's not worried, He's upstairs
sleep now, He's content
sleeping and having boys
You don't have license
And when you do get them
back it's gonna take you
thousands of dollars to
get a car insured.
Your family - your brother
won't even walk down the
street with you
Because you talk so bad to
him
Your mother and father care
so much about you, but you
keep them so worried.
What's going to become of You?
What are you going to do
with you life?

(9)

Dear Kenny (Hamm), I shall never forget the words you spoke that night. I wanted so long to hear them, hoping & praying for them, but they never came until that night. Just when I was comforatable with our ongoing relationship. Yet that were all the more sweeter. I've been crying out for my Love for you so long I wasn't prepared to hear you declare yours for me.

Sunday May 31st 1987, It seems everytime I sit down to write all I have to confess is my extreme depression or over exuberance. For once I would like to have something ~~to~~ say on a rather normal (which is relative) day or ~~at~~ neither extremes. Tommorow is Mother's Birthday and I have not a cent. Enough said about that - You know how I feel. The more I think about what going on in my head the more I want to ~~stop~~ writing.

About 2:00 AM June 1987
Monday Morning

I think about him often daydream, wet dreams, sweet dreams and not often nightmares. Yet its so hard for me to say to him whats on my mind. I think I'm afraid of him not liking what I have to say or running away when faced with Love. But it might be different but we face so many problems - but is that any different from any relationships when first they start?

June 6, 1987

Today, first of all is mother's birthday her 54th (I think). I managed to borrow money from Michelle to buy her a card. I'll get her a gift on Saturday.

Today should have been a very emotional one for me given the events that occured, yet it wasn't. I felt nothing or rather I just let ~~things~~ roll right off. At 8:30 AM this morning I received a call from David Proctor saying he was in jail - yet he seemed to be happier than I can ever remember - the tone of his voice was one of total contentment and at ease with ~~his~~ surroundings - Can you

imagine how I would have felt if he and I had still been involved? Fortunately for me Daniel let me drift out of his life long before ~~this~~ happened. I still recall the night we met, the many nights we spent together in James' apartment, the way he made me laugh, his smile and his love of possession in bed. He said he had been sentenced for about 9 yrs. but will be out in 4 yrs. He promised he would write after asking me if it was O.K. How absurd of him to even ask yet it was nice to hear.

Secondly - today at work I found out that Lina

Oakridge - former Visual Merchandiser and Fashion Co-ordinator for Belks is closing down shop, or has closed down shop, and is coming back to Belk's to work. Foolish me found out from her of all people - very naively about her return before Candy had a chance to tell me. So that should have made me feel like shit? no big deal! Fuck em! I'll play it by ear and see what happens.

Send me your Love.
for Kenny H.

About 4:00 AM
Wedwes
morning

June 3, 1987

Well its diffinetly June - we do learn from our mistakes. I slept with Jr. tonight one of Dan's homeguest up from Jacksonville. He was fresh but the boy has so much to learn. I felt kinda icky about and ~~although it was~~ one kided it dident bad just akward. I help all the order - ~~home~~ boy just vrintyd a new bed I gave him one hullava ~~mutt~~! That - I hope will never happen again - if indeed it does he'll have to pay the price.

Robbing Ho carder

6/5/87 4:45 AM
Friday morn

Tonight found me in a very confused state. I want freedom and privacy yet I want to be closer to my family. I want a second job but I want to go back to school this summer. I want then there are other wants that conflict with the other happening. But the thing that haunts me most is my desire for my own freedom, my own place. When I had the money for it, I fucked it up, not that I don't have it, which I did. I wish I had an apartment for my place, my serenity, my sanity, my privacy and for sharing with those I love — my lover (?) and my family.

July 24, 1981
early morning
2:00 AM

Dear Me,

Well its finally beginning to happen but happening it is! What'd a change in life for me. Its not entirely my doing, but still the same I'm slowing down as far as the fast life is concerned. I'm settling down. There are a lot of things that have happen leading up to this point in my life - especially in the last couple of months. With Daniel getting mugged and my realization of the relationship that Kerry & I have not going anywhere, I've had a rude awakening. I've known and heard of friends before getting mugged and robbed but never before have I seen the people after, or so shortly after they'd been attacked. Seeing Daniel only hours after being

attached really jorted me. It was so errie seeing someone you know well and care for after being battered and bruised by brutal attackers. Knowing you can't undo that, that has already been done. Then there ~~was~~ the one relationship with the one guy I feel for that is turned out to be nothing. Kenny.....
After I came to the realization ~~that~~ while Kenny may lust for my body when were together he doesn't care enough about Carl to be around or ~~buy~~ and establish some grounds for something working. Something that could blossom into a beautiful loving and lasting bond.
So now I work, I spend time with friends and I keep my eyes open.

There's really nothing else for me to do. Its boring as hell and I'm still staying out of the streets more than I have in the past. Its so very hard but really" I said to myself, "What the hell is out there?" "Nothing but alchol, drugs and boys." All of which are known to be ~~my~~ some of my most favorite things in life - not necessarily in that order. Nonetheless - I feel its time I spent more time getting deeper into myself and what life is all about and exactly what it is I'm expecting out of it. I want to be on a journey of constantly building towards betterment and some meaning in this wretched life. I don't find myself drifting into valleys of depression as

much as I used to. I do still get lonely, and often I have great urges for the comfort of another male body, but I can deny them or self satisfy them. It's a small price to pay that always ensure good health and prolong life. With all the wild living I've been doing I've neglected my temple and that is something I'm starting to get back into doing. Taking care of my body in every way. Hopefully the distraction will bring about a sense of self harmony and inner peace.

1:31 AM Wedn. Morn
August 13, 1987

I didn't work today. I spent almost the entire day + night with Miki a new found girlfriend! But I'm rather disturbed at this point. I've been thinking about something for quite a while and that something does disturb me. The thing is the situation at home with my mother and 3 nieces. I'm worried about them. Erica, Elysha and Eydia my three demonic angels. Yet I know there in good hands with my mother, but somehow I feel that I should step some of the things I do to stay here, and help here take care and see after them. Slowly, surely I have done, but I feel that since my mother works so hard

to keep her family happy and healthy, that I should at least try in some to help out. Somehow buying things for them and taking them places just doesn't cut it. There's so much I want them to know so many things I would like them to know how to do, but I just can't seem to find the time for them. And when I do, will it be too late?

Now my mind drifts off to the other end of the scale. Men — the ones in my life. This town holds all its people down, but especially its black inhabitants. Most people are so sheltered and ignorant that it's utterly pathetic. Being that I was born

and raised here I feel that I been exposed enought to condesend my surroundings. But I'm not alone. There are others here. It's just that given a period of over a couple of months in this town you slowly begin to look like everybody else. I'm being stiffled here. I've been given some free reign of creativity but yet and still I still have such tremendous limitations - stiffled! Well I got that out, I know this was to be about men - but that came out first. Men - well my desire for sex hasn't gotten any weaker but I'm growing weary of men - My faith in men has weakened more than anything.

I really feel that I need Love -
in a Relationship its just
these men whose ~~[illegible]~~ Brains are
in the heads of their dicks
that make me not want
anything, but the sex. That
in turn leaves me wanting
more and more. Nevertheless
I'm going to press on.

Oct 10 1988 — Monday Morn about 1 pm

This weekend has been a rather different one for me. I have finally decided to drill into my head that it is not up ~~to~~ me to worry about Lenny anymore and get on with my life. Even though I think about him constantly: Life will go on without him in it for me. I found out this weekend that there is a possibility that he is working. So I'll wait and see if he ever calls or if I should run into him what will happen.

Friday night @ work was a total blast. I had a ball! Working @ Queens will be quite profitable I think. At least if I play my cards right.

Saturday night I had an overnight date with a young man (30), ~~Dean~~ Scott

from Dothan Alabama. I stayed until Sunday afternoon. The night was a strange one. I think because I was trying to compare him to Kenny.
My head was ready for the right! I mean I got so up tight about things that should not have mattered. And after having known nothing but Kenny's body for the past 13 months, its like so weird. I was ready to just get back to Albany. Then I sat down and thought about how silly I was being - I haven't even given the guy a chance. ~~So I will~~ I stopped my bleeding heart and I did enjoy the sex - and it was what I wanted. To be taken, and made to feel alive again. And although he did not take me to the heights that Kenny did - in time he might. At any rate time will tell the story.

10/10/88

As I think about what happened this weekend - my mind is taken back in time to when Kenny and I were just starting out together. Then it quickly zips over times together that were special. It's a lot to think about and get over. The more and more I think about the more it tears @ my heart.

10/14/88

I've been having fantasies for as long as I can remember and I've never bothered to really record them as I fantasize them. Most of them (99%) being sexually of course. Sometimes when I'm not getting my required amount of sex [illegible], I create extremely pictorial situations in which I meet someone and we engage in sexual intercourse. I play extreme

attention to detail. The things that make us attracted to each other; the place were in, the clothes were wearing, both backgrounds and physical attributes and so and so forth. They range from every day jack-off session to all night dreams. From the quite common to the very bizzare. And in so having these fantasys, and having had the pleasure of being head over heals, truly in Love I have concluded something about the male animal. A most peculiar being. His utmost facination is with his own maleness. And any man wishing to conquer another must be more male or shall we say masculine than he who he wishes to conquer. So they play what I like to say is the game.

Yet it's more like a hunt. With the hunter and the prey starting out as equal. Then as the game continues usually one ends up being the more aggressive and calls the shots.

10/17/88

Well today (Sunday) I spent most of the day in bed and just laying around the house. A real lazy day - I never even got dressed. Bobby and I had our first real test of our friendship Sat. Fri nite we went to Tifton then to Valdosta to ~~[illegible]~~ party - The Club (connection) I was real tired. The drive there and back was fun. I slept well. Sat morning we went to Sylvester and then back here. I kept his car most of the day. His wallet was stolen and first we thought while it was in ~~the~~ car with me. Later we discovered it wasn't. At any rate he was

rather irate with me and for some reason I don't think things will ever be the same between us again.

I called Scott in Dothan Sat. he returned my call about 10 min later, and talked to him again today. Somehow I don't think I'll be seeing much of him either. At this point there's too much distance between us and I don't think he or I want a relationship or even want to be around each other that much. Something is definitely not there. So I'm just going to forget the one night stand we had and just try and cool out for awhile. A car would be the ideal thing for me to have @ this point.

10/18/88

The past few days have found me with an undying sexual desire. It seems that no matter how many times I satisfy myself the need for affection is never quenched. Everywhere I look I see a means of possibly satisfaction. Everyone is a potential victim - every male, that is. Then there's the thought of Kenny that's ever present on my mind. Some days he hardly crosses my mind others he's constantly on it. He must be thinking about me too. I pray he is. I often wonder what he's up to - if he's seeing anyone and if so whom. Are they as satisfying to him as I was or as he was to me. These things I cannot answer but I know what I feel in my heart, and even though there are intermitten times of total contempt for him

98% of the time my Love was real for him as if was the day I first saw him. And I fear it will be that way for some time to come. The healing process will be a long and tedious one. The pains will slowly start to move father and father from my heart. Then it will no longer hurt me to the point of exhaustion and bewilderment. But a sliver shall always remain as a remberance of my First Love.

Oct 22 1986

Examining Anger

I hear from other people that his working driving someones car, evidently doing fine. My name is never mentioned so it seems. He never tries to get in touch with me. I've heard nothing of the money he owes me. I guess I have been a fool all these years. I really don't want to think that is the case but what am I to think. I hurt so bad I don't even realize it anymore. So whats up with this guy? I finished trying to decipher what his feeling. All I have to go on is the 8 months we spent together here and there, in a bitter sweet relationship thats even more hard to swallow now that its over. Just give yourself a

a chance to heal. Get somewhere and chill. I had always said that if we broke up I wanted to know that he's doing well. But I wanted to hear it from his mouth.

10/25/88

When you really fall in Love for the first time, your whole outlook on life and your surroundings change. You spend ~~half~~ 50% your time thinking of things & possible ways to show or prove to that person you Love them. The other 50% you spend carrying those things out. Their presence becomes a necessity whenever possible and when not their voice is the next best thing to being there. No longer are you the only person to consider when making decisions about your life.

That privilege is gone. You share it with someone else now.

The one thing you have not be told is the one thing that might do you the most good ~~to~~ know. Very rarely is Love ever a 50/50 affair. In term of caring and giving. More often than not - One person does a lot more than the other. In this case the one doing the most to keep the relationship alive was you. That's always the one to get hurt deepest. The road to recovery is a very different ~~[illegible]~~ one

Oct 31, 1988

The hour of 12 o'clock approaches. This weekend has not been that bad. I've had some good laughs with some good friends. But I'm tired of being alone, and it has exhausted me. I'm really @ a point that I just can't get a hold on. I put in the need for someone to Love. Once you've been in Love its hard to go on without someone to share your life with. Things can only get better from this point.

November 1 1988

Tonight I want to examine something that had crossed my mind, but a thought I honestly think I never gave any real thought to. Let's just say it was something my mind's eye had considered a possibility, but I was afraid to think about. That was the possibility of Kenny and I getting back together again. If he asked would I reconsider. Chances are that I would. But if I did would I be a fool for doing so or would I be a bitch. I mean if Kenny came to me and said he was deeply sorry for all the pain he'd caused me, and was willing to do anything to make it up to me. Would I openly accept him back with the chance of exposing myself to the same

all shit or would I do so making sure that he's reminded every day of the pain he caused me before. Not taking any shit, ready to walk anytime he gets out of line or makes me a little bit upset.

The answer I fear only time will tell.

Nov 2, 1988

The reason the entry came about yesterday was because of a conversation I had with James (my sons) about Kenny. It seems as though they had a long conversation Monday afternoon of which I seemed to be the highlight. Kenny made the statement that we weren't through just temporary separated for the time. It's not over he reportedly said.

And James made a point of telling me that. That's awfully damn assumptious of him. I think I would have more to say about that than he.

Sometimes I think about what a loving and caring relationship I thought I had with him and it saddens me so deeply and completely. Other times I'm lonely for his warmth and understanding and I wish he'd come back to me. It makes me want to hate (and sometimes I do) him for having put me through so much hell. The only thing I was guilty of was [illegible] loving him too much.

I wasn't really very surprised when he called this morning and said he'd be here to pick me up from work. Conversation was very scarce as it has been since he deserted me. And if he thinks all of a

sudden things are back to normal. Then he's not only crazy, he's a fool. God, this is so damn hard.

10/03/88

Well I guess the air was thicker than I thought yesterday morning in the car. Kenny did not call me this morning or last night either. I guess he realized what I did. It's a little late to be trying to apologize and make amends. I'm at the point now that I want him either to leave me the fuck alone or stand up and be a man. Take responsibility for some, if not all the things he's done. Give me some insight as to his reasons for doing the things he did. He managed to undo everything we had together. I don't even know how much of the things I

was lead to believe by others that he asured me weren't true were. I guess the bottom line is no matter how badly I feel I need and Love Kenny he hurt me too bad to try again a relationship with him or anyone. And if he hurt me once he'll do it again. The only thing is I'm not so sure I'd be as calm and relaxed as I am or as I was before. Some one would be hurt.

Something new happened today, and just like my heart was telling a storm is definitely brewing. Kenny and Artis were at the mall together today. I felt total contempt for them both. If I would have had a gun, I would have killed them both.

The thought that they might be involved sexually sent my mind catapulting into the depths of hell. Something definitely has to be said. One way or another - I just don't want to be the one to say it. All I want, is to be able to get a hold on my feelings and life. He has them caught up on false hope and set free I shall be. There is a new shop being set up in this town amongst its microcosm of faggots. The circle has been disbanded and the web of deceit and trechery has come out of it.

11/9/88

The music plays low, droning in my ear. Almost lulling me into a trance. I'm in a place between time and death. The ~~other~~ side of Love. Just why is it that my thoughts are so fucked up now? The pain here has taken over a serious part of what is me - Creativity. The ability to pull from the mind or your thoughts pictures of life for every day viewing. But I know that all will be well - my patience is just not the best. Time seems to be trying to trap me and I'm scared of what might happen. Something has to give somewhere. Either I have to give up on this emotion and pull myself to the shore or kill myself wallowing in

self pity and a B. pain from a failed relationship (of which I was closed). You've been in this place before - do go down again - but why is the pain so intense, and as the days increase it doesn't get any better. Rid me of this want this desire this longing for this man. "Set me free" - "Why don't you Baby." Get out my life why don't you Baby." ~~There~~ has got to be an answer to getting over this that I'm overlooking somewhere hanging just over my head that I can't see. My emotional side has already shut almost completely down, its my sexual side that is now ~~raising all the hell.~~ I'm a sexually person by nature - being very dependent upon sex to satisfy my emotions. Its funny how just relieving a little pressure

makes me feel that much better. My thoughts are after still of one guy and all the pain and pleasure he's brought me. So I say to myself - what's up with you. What do you want out of this life, this town out of yourself. Come on now! So there is no one special person in your life now - deal with it. Get on with your plan. This hurts like hell, I'm feeling it too. But we must and we can if we do it together. Get over this shit. Can't we try and say goodbye. Would it help if we went back to the beginning and reexamined everything that transpired between the 2 of us from start to finish. Maybe in the process we can find out more about the person you were and the person we can become by realizing

the energy levels we both have. We will always be two parts of one person, but lets just see who we can merge and become by better understand each other, to create the total person.

The need is so strong-its crippling
To be Loved
Denied the expression as a child,
was I?
To be Loved
Given the chance and refused before
To be Loved
Doesnt it just happen, never showing
signs or giving warnings
Catching you @ just the right moment
In the right phase of the moon, Full,
And the wrong state of mind, Open.
~~No time to~~ prepare for dissappointment
or heartbreak
You drift aimlessly towards that which
is enevitable-hurt.
Attacked and mutilated by an emotion
far worse than physical pain.
You retreat - no trusting, but telling
anyway - to be free of things
you cannot contain for fear of
them killing you.

11/10/88
Well, after reminising, things started to look up. I was no longer down and out, my mood swayed slightly. I'm more or less in quite a nice mood today and there's still the memory of Kenny hanging in the air. But I'm here and I'm O.K.

11/11/88
The night brought me things that only a calming nights' sleep can. I dreamt of things past and future. I really feel like I can pull things together from this point. My soul is @ a vulnerable point. Coping with desertion, denial and a need to soar. The next 3 months will be a period of soul searching.

11/12/88

Today has been a rather blasé day. I really tried to be one on last night. I got half way there and ruined a few eye-brows but all in all the night was still rather calm. There is a brewing of emotion stew in the air. My thoughts have been more often than not filled with memories of Kenny. Sooner or later our paths will cross again, and this has got to be it, it has to be goodbye. We've never said it and I think if we do it will help me start getting over this. My heart aches so damn bad, until I have to have some relief from this burden upon my heart.

Farewell My Love,
Goodbye,

[illegible]

11/15/88

Last night or rather sometime early this morning "Baby Head" Darren - a neighboorhood stoped me. His intentions were normal for that of a boy. But his desires were truly not. I got a little bit excited and went for the gusto - I could have taken it, but I didnt want to scare him off. I did enough to know he'll be back. He was really quite interesting. I want to explore more about him.

12/16/88

Yesterday was a most peculiar day. I spent most of my work day going over my writings. The ones that include the 3 yrs. that I've known Kenny. I put them into different piles - reread and rewrote so many things - Bashing in a pr oasis of memories. It was really helpful, or so I thought. I know that as time grows on things will start to look better to me. I wore a tie to work and a jacket that didn't even match I mean it seemed to be a day that I was really just going to let it out a little. Then things started happening. I was late for work and when I got there, no one was there. I still don't know what went on there. I went out later and ran into Kenny - that killed everything. It seems I'm fine until I see him or he's around me.

Then that when things just seems to fall apart for me. So I think to solve this problems I'll just stop going downtown all together. I wouldnt be missing much. But the simple fact is it hurts seeing him. It hurts so badd. I think about all the time and money I spent tring to make our life together more pleasant for us. All the lies he told me, stole from me, broke up friendships that I shared with people. When I see him that's all I'm able to remember now. And it really makes me feel like shit, because I know I deserve better. But what makes me even angrier is that I let it go on and on continually. And deep down inside I still have the gall to wish that this was a bad dream, that there's some explanation for him treating the

way he has, that he'll call or come by Christmas or one day in tears begging for forgiveness. I'm still not free of him yet. In time it will happen.

December 19, 1988

Decisions, sometimes the simplest ones can be so difficult for me. Today being a lazy Sunday gave me some time to think! Time to think about things that are going on in my life. It seems to me that if I want independence from this life and the things that trouble me I will definitely have to be alone. I'm so fucking moody and sometimes. I've always dreamed of living alone and one way or another I'm going to make that possible. The timing has to be right

although I know the reasons the better. Things here @ home are less than idealistic.
Christmas is upon us all, bills are upon me. I think I'm going to have to skip out a little on the present giving this year. I really wish that I were able to give everybody what they want, but who is ever in a position to do things like that.

December 23rd 1988
Today is like the first day of a countdown that is to lead nowhere, but to dissapointment. But that's life isn't it? As if that's supposed to make things any better. Life is a bitch, so prepared to be fucked! Well I'm tired of that attitude - something has definitely got to be done and if I don't help myself

no body will. I realize that I still have a long way to go to get Kenny out of my system. A very long way to go, but that has its good points and bad points. It lets me know that I am capable of a serious Love affair. It lets me know that Love is what motivates me. It's going to be very hard, but the hell that I'll go threw to be over it will only make me stronger later.

Say to yourself over and over again. I know I really Love this guy. He makes me happier than anyone I've ever known. The sex is superb and when he would I open up and let me in to see him the experience was the most - Totally mind boggling - but hes no damn good for you. So fuck him. No matter how serious your feelings

are for him. You can do badd by yourself. So if you're still hanging on to that Love you have for him just remember. If he truly Loves you the way you Love him - someday, somewhere you'll be together again. He knows what to do if he wants you back. So now go out there and knock em out. You've done it before. Do it again. And when you runs into him some-where - smile and say hello and mean it. Forget about all those things that happen in the past Live for the future. Live for who you are and what you can become not for what you once shared.

December 22, 1988

Open, varied, wildly imaginative, trollope in the hay. That's just a cute way of saying I'm horny as hell. The fantasy are never ending, they just keep coming back. They get stronger and more vivid all the time. I can envision myself like a picture in their sexual liaisons with other men. Sometimes one, sometimes 2 and three. Sometimes in large orgies. Always at the height of sexual passions on the verge of exploding. Getting one man, then another and another. Just doing the wild things.

December 24th, 1988

There is real magic in Christmas. And the magic is within us all. It takes personal tragedies for some to realize and triumphs for others. The magic is in believing. Believing in Christ as our savior and knowing that we must treat people the way we want to be treated. Like people who feel, need, and have wants. That's the Christmas magic that I've found.

The family is assembled once again, the holiday has begun — I have no gifts to bring them but is nice being with them.

Then that Crimp me
to my friend - Leroy is
here and we hung hard
last night. Kenny, Daniel,
Stephen and even "Bubba"
hung out with us last night.
We drank, smoked and
talked until we were blue
in the face - and the cops ran
us off. It was an unusual
time but it was also
wonderful. The one thing that
was most memorable is what
happened after we left and took
Kenny home. Before we left
he decided he wanted to talk to
me. It was one of the most moving
conversations we've ever had.
He confessed his love for me
as passionately as he could. He let
me look through his eyes and into
his heart. And as the conversation
got deeper, he made me realize
that we have developed a sense

of belonging for eachother. a link ~~between the~~ 2 of us. All ~~those~~ nights I lay awake ~~thinking~~ about us ~~together~~, I knew that he was doing the same - and he was. Suicide has even crossed his mind. Its like we been apart, but were more together ~~than~~ he'll ever know. Tonight I think I will have one last real conversation with him about my true feelings. Then if what I feel is right and he agrees, we will secretly began our Love Affair anew. I'll make sure that we take our time and work into a relationship. Where we ~~[illegible]~~ find time to be together? I hate the trailer he's living in, and I'm not crazy about the people he lives with either. I like them now I just don't want them getting any friendlier ~~than~~ they already are. I'm sick of people they get

to me. Why do they all act as if they want something I have. Or something that is mine. I've poured out my feelings all too often on paper like this and have everything I write turn out the opposite. So - this is it - last chance - the final curtain.

Tuesday Morn December 27, 1988

I've made yet another attempt to try and recapture some of the depth of this emotion I share with Kenny. Again I can't get enough. I spent the night with him last night and now my whole body as well as my being yearns for his presence. Is Love supposed to hurt all the time?

12/28/88

Somehow you've survived. You've been neglected, taken for granted, Loved, hurt and deserted and you've managed to survive it all. Hanging on to the one thing you know that keeps your spirit alive "Love". Now it looks as if the cycle might start all over again, but you know as well as I do that if it does your whole life with relieve a page in history that you don't want it ~~to~~ repeat. So brace yourself for the onslaught of things new and old to try and hold on to what you have. Even though you're not absolutely sure that this is ~~the~~ right thing to do. You do know that your hearts and minds are bound to

eachother and you will do all that you can without walking into the same path of heartbreak misery and pain that you did before. This will be the hardest part to get through.

I've gotten good advice and well wishes from all the people I consider to be my good friends about this difficult part of my life and from what they've said to me and what I feel and believe I've made a decision. I don't want to go through what I went through with Kenny again — I don't want to loose him either. From the things he's told me and what I know about him. He is sincere about wanting me back. So I'm going to give it my all. I've also made a decision about my family life. I'm going to move out — on my own and I'm going to make it. It will take me a little while

to save up some money - I'm in debt up to my ass right now but I'm going to do it. I'm going to get in practice right now. I'm going to start being more responsible and making sure I take care of what I need to - and on time. I will survive and own my own 2 feet. I have faith in me and I'm @ a point where I feel it's necessary that I do these things to satisfy me. I need to grow up and learn to depend upon me.

Dannie and Roger dropped by and we listened to pillow talk and drank a few beers. I'm a little high and in heart and mind I'm with my baby. And I feel so damn good. Lord I Love you and I Love this man. Kenny you are my all-

I just have to get back to where you are cuz that form to my heart - Ann

12/28/88

Today started off cloudy and drab - It started raining later. It will probably be that way all day. I've been thinking of my baby. I went to sleep with him on my mind. I woke up with him on my mind. This is always the way it is when we share so much of ourselves with each other - like Sunday night, and then I don't hear from him for days. I miss him so damn much.

12/28/88

I keep wondering why?
But Love is much more than you
and I
More than we know
Its not controllable, you
Cant turn it on and
off
You only answer to Love

12/29/88

Today is a beautiful day! I feel good - I look good - things are looking up. At least that's the way they seem. This could be the quiet before the storm. At any rate - come what may, I really feel good. If only I can see my baby tonight, everything will be o.k.

12/30/88

One more day an another year will have ceased to exist. It too will have become a piece of history, living in memory only. It was a trying year for me, filled with so many varied experiences and diverse emotions and feelings. I came to terms with a large part of me I'd never really know existed. It's as if I metamorphasized into a being unlike me, that was me. I was content with

my life @ that point, but never truly happy. I settled for much more than I deserved. And as hard as I tried I couldn't open my eyes. So I stumbled around blind until it was too late - too late to try and straighten things out. I had dug a hole and placed my feelings last - @ the bottom. Keeping the man I Loved on top, cushioning him from emotional hurt or torment. What happened was not so ironic just foolish on my behalf. He used me and took advantage of all the Love I was giving - hid behind it to keep from being hurt. He used it as a fortress for his maniacal ego. I was left behind deserted - alone and deeply hurt. It seemed as if my whole world had caved in on me. What now - where do

I go, who will I turn to. This is what was ironic. I hurt so bad - but I never lost my senses. Good friends, a family that does not question me, and a faith that this man really loved me pulled me through.

And as the new year approaches - it finds me scampering around putting pieces of that broken puzzle back together again. It will undoubtedly be a slow and lengthy process, as well as a difficult one. I'm gonna play by ears, and with reasons - what's practical you might say. I foolish let myself be second to many things before - but not this time. To avoid injury to the heart one must use the head.

January 3, 1989

The new year has approached and already I feel so many different emotions. The air is changed the atmosphere around me has changed. I made no resolutions to break - I only told myself that there are certain things about my life and in my life that need changing. Or shall we say Cleansing up.

I've gone through a long process of discovering who and what I am, and I'm me and I like me. I've gone through a long process of setting standards for myself and forever redifining life and its meanings to me. Now all of a sudden, I realize that if I'm content with me and my life - why all the lies - the uncertainty. I don't hide a whole lot

now, but I do still from time to time evade the issue. I don't think I have to announce to every living soul that I meet that I'm a homosexual, but I do think that it's necessary to tell my people - my family. I don't know when and I don't know where - but it has to be this year or never. This will mean gaining a little more self esteem. And confidence, aswell a little more maturing and less cowardice. "If you say you're a man, then be one dammit." That's what I keep telling myself. Yet I know that for some reason I still have some worries about what people say and think about me. Not very much but some. I have start thinking more about things I did. I realize that we should all be in control of our lives. There is only a certain amount

control any of us have over emotions! But we can @ least be in charge of our lives. I was a cripple quite a bit in 88 but 89 is going to be different. As intelligent a person as I am - I let people put shakles on my feet. From mere circumstances. Take for instance not having a car - I ride with Daniel downtown I see a piece I like Daniel takes me home because he does or doesn't, so I'm back home with a waisted effort. That was a terrible example but my point is made. The mind can control the rest of you - but who wants to be in that much control - feelings would never again be as they are - spontaneous. We would all be little roboots or zombies so to speak.

Once we face things eye to eye for what they are, you're a lot better off. No longer closing your eyes for fear of what you might see will hurt a lot less if you face up to trouble instead of looking away. If only I had realized some of these things earlier.

This thing called Love has me in its spell. I can only hope that when and if this relationship ends we can keep Loving without hurting or tearing us apart. I stepped back in much too quickly and I'm not so sure my heart isn't being protected by my mind. So that next time I won't be the one hurt.

1/05/89

Doubts, questions, second thoughts, wanted explanations. Uncertainties, all of them are uncertainties. You see, I'm uncertain that I should even be subjecting myself to the possible pain and dissappointment I might experience by rekindling a relationship with Kenny Edmond. And I do realize that I'm only gambling = taking a chance. I know it seems as if I have no choice in the matter. My heart is (a) stake in this deal. Yet I do. The best thing to do would be to ask my heart a couple of questions. Is he any different from what he used to be? Has he made any changes in his life and if so will they benefit you both. Then decide if it's worth the risk.

Mrs. Gaiter was in here yesterday, and we talked for hours. First her profession then mine, and so many things in between. The conversation ended on a good note. It seems that the director of the English dept. in Dougherty Co. is very big on writing and is himself published. And on another good hand is this semester, the artist in residence, who is also published, will be in Albany. She has promised to introduce us so that I might find out wether or not I have any talent in the area or not. So this weekend that's what I'll be doing is getting the things together I want her to look over.

JAN 6/89

This pain is real, it has reached up into the depths of all that I know is real in me and destroyed it. It's as if though my heart was being held by someone who really cares. My soul being tortured by that same someone.
I've gone out into the abyss of the emotionally wounded. I'm not just another casualty, my wounds have me close to death. My thoughts are clouded, my head a murky mess. Still after all this I need some answers and where could they come from unless I went back to where this pain origanally started

1/6/89

I shall never forget how totally and quickly my mind shut off the feeling from my heart ~~that~~ night. ~~[illegible]~~ Jerry began talking and the first name that came out of his lips was Kenny Hammond. From that point on I was totataly attentive, as he ~~told~~ us the news of Kenny's incarciration. The story was all new to me - a burglary @ James' house. It was a shock. Yet my mind made me listen for flaws that didn't sound right. I mean I was listening to information that could ~~[illegible]~~ convict the man I love. Jerry (keith) spun his web tight until I realized the day he said the robbery was committed. Kenny and Jerry were together most of the night, especially @ the time the robbery was ~~[illegible]~~ supposed to have

occured. I listen more and more as the asshole that was supposed to be Kenny's "buddy" put a noose around his neck.

I've tried all day to keep thoughts of the whole situation from crippling me. I want to go to him so bad - wherever he is and if I can find him. But my mind tells me no! Stay here - he'll get in touch with you if he needs you.

And if I should find him what's he going to say that's going to make a difference this time? What in the fuck can he say? If he said something I wanted to hear, it would be a lie and if he said something that sounded reasonable - I wouldn't want to hear.

01/07/89

Waiting and waiting, to hear from him again. I know that Kenny's out of jail - he came by Queen's to see me ~~to~~ Thursday night, but I was off. I'm praying he'll call back ~~a~~ or come over to see me before class ~~starts~~ Monday. I've got to try and keep a spark alive in him or I feel this could be his downfall. It's fun how many times I've been hurt by this man and his actions - I feel like this is the 2nd time around - and pain from the same source is worst. It feels as if a very sharp object pierced me through my heart - an arrow of ice. It's more intense and it really captures your attention. My mind is doing a damn good job of ~~s~~ keeping the pain of the pain away from

that part of me that can't with stand it. And I keep wanting to open up to it and let it take me as far as it can. I really think I can handle it. I'm marked by this Love affair and I intend to stick by this man until hell freezes. I don't have any other choice.

02/09/89

Daniel and I called to the police station and found out that Kenny was still in Sunday. Which means they are probably holding him for things that they dig up out of the past. The stolen car that Eric fixed - the time he was picked up when he worked for George Hudson and forgery maybe even robbery. Or shall we say theft. Anything. I went through the phone book

today and found out that I need to call to find out information on him. What he is charged with - court date and so on. But it's like I'm so darn scared. But I'm also worried about him. I want to see him - I've got to do something this whole thing is going to be ripping @ my soul - tearing me up from the inside out. It seems this union between us has brought us more grief and pain than joy and happiness. My greatest fear is that Kenny will be sentenced to prison - which will make him harder and even harder to reach out to. So many things have run through my mind - all involving Kenny - the keeper of my heart.

1/10/89 early Wendesday morn 1:30 am

Tonight made me see something from a ~~angle~~ perspective I've never seen things before. You see I feel like shit, the man I Love is in jail and yet I still have an outlook on life. I'm really too tired and sick to keep writing.

1/11/89

Yesterday made the 7th day Kenny has been in jail. It seems the longer he stays in the sicker I get. I am feeling a little better day ~~than~~ I have in the last week. I got to stop torturing myself like this I think I'm making myself sick (psychological) more than anything.

1/11/89

I know Kenny should have gotten my letter by now, but why hasn't he called? My, everything is so fucked up.

1/12/89

Kenny finally called today! I was so damn glad to hear his voice. It's amazing how people can be so close yet miles out of reach.

I gave him all the news and he was supposed to talk to his lawyer today so he should know something tommorow

1/16/89

I had the entire weekend to think over what will happen when and if Kenny gets out of jail. That's not the way things were supposed to go - but this weekend was planned up - one thing after another one. I didn't really have time to focus in on anything. And now that I've begun writing my thoughts are distracting me.

1/17/89

Today I heard from Kenny, just like I knew he would. I could tell that the concrete, steel, overcrowding and lack of freedom is starting to get to him. His voice and spirit cracked and sounded rather off in the distance. What I was hearing was a reflection of his spirit waning

down. I guess what Jim really terrified of is that he may eventually become accoustomed to the environment and become even more distant. I've come so close and have so far to go. When he does get out of jail it will be a challenge just to keep his spirits up and him pointed in the right direction. These things all seem so trivial with Kenny still incarcerated but new problems will soon arise. Just as soon as he's released.

I almost positive I missed Kenny's call today the fucking inspection was cancelled -

"I know you'll come thru"
Gospel - Tramaine Hawkins

"Love Runs deeper than Pride"
Denny Barton

After the fall
Half of me is gone
It all just shatters
I picked up my pride
And carried it on
But nothing matters
I've known a lot of lonely
people in my life
Who did the same ~~and~~
and lost it all
Oh ~~[illegible]~~ if I only could ~~[illegible]~~ but change
the course ~~the fall~~ of my
life
And catch the fall before
it's too late
I'd open everything wide
I'd show you ~~all that's~~
inside,
Because Love runs much deeper
than pride

Try me again
I'm not afraid
Cause time can do great things
And if this the end ~~of that~~
Of all that we've made
Then I can face it
I've ~~known~~ a lot of lonely people
in my life
Who throw all away to keep
their pride
Trying to hold on to the last
remaining dignity
~~And~~ but still it died
What's was to hide
I'll open up myself wide
I'll show all that's inside
Cause Love runs deeper than
pride

1/12/89

Today is the day I'm going to take Kenny some things to the jail. Already I'm feeling queasy. They start taking packages @ 5:00 its 3:40 now. I can do it I know I can.

1/26/89

Well its 3 days till 1-day. My birthday. I was having some wonderful thoughts one night, maybe its was Tuesday yeah I think it was. I was thinking about doing so many great things, but they sorta got lost somewhere in time. They're still in the back of my purse - not forgotten just hidden.

A funny thought I had today. The last time I thought I was in Love with someone was Daniel Procter. A young man who was quite

adorable. He had a tremendous sense of humor and a nice quiet disposition. I lost Daniel to the streets and eventually the prison system of Georgia - by way of the Dougherty County jail. It was nothing like when I found out Kenny was in jail. I was relieved to find out Daniel was in jail. Not only did I know where he was I also knew ~~the~~ was where he wanted to be. He loved being locked up. After all he had been locked up most of his life. There he felt in charge and in command of what went on with him. In an control environment of nothing but men. Control that is by ~~the~~ inmates

1/27/89

I remember my feelings as I strut down Washington toward the court-house with that huge bag filled with things I got together for Kenny. My heart beat a low beat as I pulled my coat close to chase off the chill of the drizzling rain. I knew I would make it there and go through with it, but would I choke on my pride when I arrived. Would I cringe when someone recognized me in line to take goodies to a man in jail. Well, I was quite the debonair one if I must say so myself. Things went well and I didn't really panic until I saw the little room for visitation and the guard slapped with a question that said, "yes, I know you." You have been

Of gifts for criminals. Quickly I ~~stretch~~ back. Speaking very nicely and with a smile. Walk of the things I took I had to bring back including a letter I had in the box. All in all it was half what I expected and twice as bad.

~~I talked to Kenny today~~ we didn't say very much, but we talked a lot. I had been waiting on his call and I was determined to be here when he called ~~today~~. He was tired and there was something sad in his voice. Something distant. I have a feeling what he was feeling, because his tone sent shock waves through my body. What lies ahead is but the beginning of a hard struggle to get home.

1/02/89

I haven't heard from Kenny since my birthday. Hopefully I will today. I miss him so much. The moment I see him I just want to fling my arms around him and embrace him gently kiss his face and lips. Welcome home baby.

1/03/89

Well finally I heard from Kenny today and I feel a whole lot better. I keep thinking about him constantly. My mind keeps taking me back in time to things said and done. The lies that were told and why? I really want to be into this relationship with all that I am. But these things keep hangings over my heads. How can I keep on doing this to myself? Getting so little in return, for all that

I have given. Yet, how will I ever
learn to let go when I Love
this man so much? All these
fucking Questions I ask myself
over and over again, and it
gets to be so damn Clear. Make
up your mind bitch! You either
with this man until the end or
you throw in the towel now
and begin walking away from
it as painful as it will be.
The Choice is mine.

[signature]

2/17/89

Dear Kenny, "How Deep is Your Love?" I'm @ work and that's ~~the~~ song "Geraldina" is playing and she put the question to me over the microphone. It sounds so damn sweet. Too deep, I think sometimes. That's not possible, I don't believe anyway. Know this man, I Love you and there is no end to the heights this Love will soar.

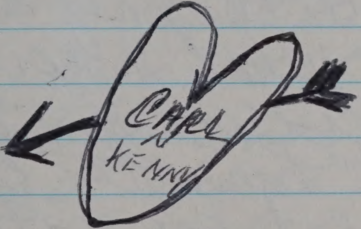
2/07/89

I've been thinking of you in a most special way tonight. I guess with you such a good mood tonight, and me remembering how good your last letter made me feel Saturday night. The preliminaries took me back again.

Remember the night we first made Love in the big bed @ the hut? And the time I dispelled all thoughts of handcuffs from your mind. Those were times I thought I had been pushed over the edge. Temperature rose to 200°F. Sweat, remember the room was full of the scent of bodies spent in total abandonment. My head is dizzy rocking back and forth. Lord knows I yearn for your touch. It hurts like hell that you're

not here. But soon after you read this I know we will be again enjoying the delicious Chemistry that we have together. That is if you get this far. Hopefully you'll be so horny by this point, this book will be on the floor and so will we. I Love you with all my heart, body mind and with all my soul.

Carl



2/10/89

Finally I feel like some progress is being made in the situation with Kenny. I called Louis Scaber last night and gave him the information about Kenny and he says he'll make a phone call to somebody he knows that works with the program. So if this doesn't work then I just don't know what else to do. I have to say I feel like I've done what I could but have I? At any rate I just want him to be out so I can get on with my life. I feel like it's on standstill because he's largely a part of it, but he's out of my reach. Tomorrow is Saturday and @ 11 AM I plan to go to visit. It will be a surprise to him for sure as well to me if I make

it. I think it will ease my mind if I do.

2/12/89 2:57AM
Sunday morning

I made ~~to~~ see Kenny @ 11:30AM and I finally got to about 12:30AM Saturday morning. I was really nervous and glad as hell I didn't smoke a joint before I went up there. I mean I might have fucking bugged out and shit. But I was real happy I didn't run into his mother. The visit was no damn short. He looked to be in good health - nothing like what I expected - that is if even I knew what I expected. ~~Too~~ comfortable and a tad bit pale, but all in all he looked fine. This visit just cemented in my mind what I already knew. My head is not geared for

this shit. I don't want to be visiting Tommy in that damn jail. It could become a regular thing. That is something I fear I couldn't bear. I refuse to have what could become the best years of my life make me old and gray with worry. Love him I truly do, but there is where I get to the key. I've had it, slaye, and really begin to feel like I mean it. My heart revolts and lives visiting like that. So many black men cannot take the pressures of everyday life of freedom? So many of them can't seem live up to being born black or male. So they give in to slavery by law. Always taking the easy way out.

2/14/89 Today is none other than Valentines Day. Its my Sisters birthday and what seems to be heartbreak day for me.

I went to see the apartment today and they've modernized it. They've covered the hardwood floor with carpet and linoleum. They shut up the fireplace I mean all the things that were to make it special they've ruined. But I still want it. I want it like hell! I don't have the money I need to move in right now but somehow I will get it. It'd mean borrowing and paying one bill later, possibly going into debt further. Something definitely has to give. It ain't going to be me.

For some reason I feel particularly blue today. As

if though something is really amiss
2/15/88
Thinking of you in a most special way! I don't know what I'm going to do when I get in that apartment alone. I'll probably lapse off into old habits reading writing etc.

2/23/89

I haven't talked to Kenny since Tuesday. I have written him a total of 3 or 4 letters and sent 3 cards in 2 days. I hope to hear from him today.

4/19/89

There has been a tremendous amount of change since last I made an entry in this journal. So much so I don't even know where to begin. The beginning would be the most likely place. So I guess I shall start with the biggest change. The morn. after Easter Kenny was released from Jail. I had been over to Mom's and out shopping with Freddy most of the day. When I returned home I found a note

on my door saying he'd gone by and figured be back later. I didn't see him until early Tuesday morning. It was about 1:20 am when I heard him knocking. The reunion was bittersweet at most. Needless to say it has continued as such. He continually stays out late coming here drunk and horny offering no explanation instead telling lies and half truths. There is something deeply troubling this young man that I love yet he refuses to share it with me. Saying that he doesn't know what the problem is. He continues to confess his Love for me, but his actions show that he has no respect for me. I've gained control of my emotions since he's been locked up.

At least I don't express them the way I use to, with tears from my heart. I merely say what's on my mind and hope that he responds. Of course he doesn't (at least not in the way that we used to get things out in the open and discuss them. And by so doing this my Love is quickly turning into loathing for him. To have given as much as I have and not gotten back a thing is a horrible thing for the heart and "ego" to endure I think. I know that now is the time to say hey lets try and pull ourselves together apart from one another. The time is definitly now before we really start to hate each other because of actions brought on by the others behavior. I keep

seeing us parting and him ending up with someone else and making it work. That will just have to be something that I will have to deal with if it happens. Still my heart aches and deep trolling pain that lingers and nags at my soul. Because I'm lost in this situation every road I turn down to try and reach out to him he turns and goes the opposite way. Eluding me always. I have given all that I can, understood all that I could. and when everything I tried failed I prayed. I asked God to help me do what I must.

Cor

Dear Me,   April 2/89

This is an attempt to relieve some anger and pain centered around the giving and receiving of the emotion called "Love".

All this week I have been trying to bring myself to ask Lenny to leave my home. But do I really know why I want him to leave? Is it because he stays out late comes home and gives me no explanation as to his whereabouts? But wasn't it I who said "We need to grow more idependent of the other." Your wish has been granted. Or is that I don't feel that he shows me he loves me enough? But I too have grown up enough to be wise enough not to always show my emotions so openly.

Dear Me, April 25 84

Life is fully of untapped reservoirs of potential. Potential to be great, potentials to be successful and just potential to get anything out of life that you want. To tap into these hidden reservoir one must first come to realize where they are. That in itself is a time task.

Something has just made itself very real to me. Something that I have known for quite some time. If there are things in life that you want or think you deserve then you must work hard or prostitute to get them for yourself - No one else will get them for you - Independence is the key here.

Although Kenny is staying at my home - he is generating no source of

income, but is however a large source of aggravation. He stays out late, half goes to school (if @ all) comes home wants to fuck all night and sleep half the day away. And still he professes to "love" me. It all anything gets old - and his games is definitely getting old.

April 26 1988

Just this day to left to relax and run around being leisurely. Tomorrow it will be back to work & will try to make the best of it. The sun is high in the sky and there's a breeze blowing that's just beautiful. This is definitely a day the Lord hath made.

I got a call yesterday from Ms. Cummings about my food stamps.

She called and got everything verified and it seems that I should be getting something in the mail soon about them. The only thing that I'm worried about is perpetrating a fraud. When and if they do find out that I'm working. That is just something I will have to worry about. Things are picking back up for me again. For that I am truly grateful. The Lord has been good to me.

May 4/89

Dear Me,

The reason that I havent put much down in writing is because there has been nothing really profound going on. Its all been a bunch of trivial bullshit. One problem after another with Jenny and his stubborness. Refusing to let me help him by talking about his problems, but causing me to worry over the way he handles them - drinks until severly drunk. I keep trying to have enough courage to put him out, but it always seems to be so inoportune. He layed some pretty heavy shit on me this week. It seems the lawyer told him that the DA is going for 3 yrs no deals!

MAY 4, 1989

So why does the sight of my own crotch make me horny, why do any of the things that make me horny make me horny. Time will only tell. Tripping like a motherfucker.

May 11, 1989

My mind has been on a constant trip this whole year. It started out with me doing something that I should never have done. That is taking heartache from one year to another. Be that as much may, I started out wrong now its up to me to start getting things right. Really once and hopefully for all time.

I spend too much time worrying about one thing. That one thing is Kenny. As much heartache and pain as

he has - and I have let him cause me, its time to just say - its has to end somewhere. I've had too many doubts in my mind - too many reasons not to trust him. So even with the threat of him going off to jail for up to 3 yrs. It's definitely time to start saying goodbye. I've made some great steps towards it now its time to go even further. I wouldn't - I don't want to put him out, but I will start putting him further out of my life. Our friendship is something I want to hold onto for life. I can't exactly put my finger on what it is exactly that keeps us from growing closer. All things point towards him being to blame. Yet I know I am to blame as well. If I had not settled for his half ass delivering from

start I would not have to put up with it now. What's done is done.

I lost a large part of him to the prison system. I had never really realized how much until a little guy (Cedric) came by on Sunday last. There is something that develops in the jails of every small town and large City between the inmates. A bond that is special to them. Its something like the criminal attraction shall I call it. They find the fact that they both have committed crime as a common ground to relate. That part of Kenny that is still there in the jail locked up is a part of him I would like to get back, I would like for him to get it back. But my spirit has really grown weary of

being strong for the both of us. Its just not going to be the relationship I want. We both need to stop pipe dreaming and get on with our lifes. Something Occured to me not too long ago - its not up to me to decide that he has more to offer the world than what hes doing with his life. His potential will have to be realized on his own accord. He has to want to push life and live. It will not happen because I want it to, it will have to be because he wants it. My Loving in all its wonder is not enough to change that. This letting go will definitely cause me a lot of harm, especially if he doesnt go to jail and I have to ask him to leave my home. This is a no win situation,

so I'll just have to face the music, dance to the beat, and hope the Lord guide me through it all.

I'm 24 yrs old this yr., and still I'm working (a carving out my niche in this world - I have an ideal of the type of things I want to get done I fantasize about them all the time. Yet it seems I'm always getting stopped, usually its my own fault, by some opposing force. Then there's this strange cloud that constant hovers over my head. That sense of having a larger calling - the radical in me surfaces in a big way. My whole sense of being is often thrown out into the abyss where all human suffering, ignorance and bigotry is felt. I toss and turn my nerves sensitive to the slightest whim. I am hurt, wounded and have become hardened.

May 12 89

Well my rent is overdue as of the 10th, I have $75. (rent is 175) and I really need to make the rest tonight. I will probably make @ least half of what I need, but I'm not really going to worry. I work all day Sat. and my un-employment check should be on the way - unless I forgot to sign and date it. Leroy is arriving in town tonight so we should have one hell of a wkend together. One never knows? I must say I feel rather good, well I guess I'm looking forward to seeing old friends. There are so many things I feel I need to address about my life that I will probably do on my days off next week. I want to get more things done around the house as

well. Productivity has to be the key to getting things rolling again for me.

Realizing one's potential often times is one of the hardest things in life to do. It certainly has been for me. And usually when one does it means using people. That is something I find very hard to do. Its a skill one's must partly be born with. Then one develops this until a skill. I had never really held myself in high esteem because of my weight and my large ass. Naive, I have always been and I'm just now beginning to grow out of. In this lifetime I will probably never pass out of the person that I am. But I will get to a point where things will happen for me, because of

positive reinforcements and confidence in myself. My reflection tells me that as I have matured I've done so @ a rate faster than most people my age and at the same time maintained a prospective on the person that I am. My one fear in life is repeated failure. I feel that there's so much I can offer the world if only it would let me. The key to understanding the scheme of things in life is not to see the word "let" as a part of your vocabulary. Hard work and sweat are the keys to success. No one will let you do anything. You must work hard and long and be determined to succeed on your own, take chances go out on a limb a place I'm very comfortable @.

Out away from the crowd. Creativity flows through my veins. It pulse through the core of my soul and makes me who and what I am. Its up to me to make things work for me. So here is where I pledge to continue the battle to be heard and seen even if only to be misunderstood. Controversy is like a magnet drawing spectators from all sides of the fence!

Its frustrating as hell being in this town but it's a test I surely can pass. This is home. This is where I was bred and born these people know me. ~~They~~ will hear from me.

5/12/84

Come closer to me
Feel the breath of life that
blows from my lips
Taste the fruit of my being,
which I will give to you
unabondonely
Listen to the words I speak
not interjected with lies or
things to impress
Be here with me, and you
will know
That life to me is for living
and all things dead should
be burried.

Carl [illegible]

5/21/89

It's close to the end now and I can feel it. But will it come gradually or all @ once. One thing is for sure, it will not be easy.

I'm @ a point now where the emotions that I feel are so varied its confussing. I hate myself for having put up with the shit I have for so long. But I'm proud I have the strength to still try and change things. I hate myself for feeling guilty about being proud of myself. I never gave up on him, even when he asked me too. I've grown to ~~b~~ realize that I've settled for much too little for much to long. Now that I have my very own place, its made me such a responsible person. I love being here, its mine all mine. But he's here and in-

truding on my privacy all because I allowed him too. That has been the way our whole relationship has always been. Me giving, supporting, nurturing and getting walked on no return. I feel like Mother must feel a lot of the time. Loved, but disappointed and used. I'm sure that there is nothing I can do to change him, so why even try and discuss it with him. Besides when I confront him with the things he does that upset me, he agrees to being wrong and says he doesn't know why he does them or wasn't thinking. So it's a waste of time. The end I'm afraid is very near.

5/26/89 Last saturday really marked the beginning of the end as I had forseen that it would. Right now my heart is pounded - wondering how I will cope and if I will ever get over this Love affair. I called the house today and told Kenny I would appreciate it if he would not be there when I got home. Usually I'm asking him to please be there. "Just leave my key and lock up the house". The damage has been done and "I can take no mo'".

I'm wallowing in a pit of sorrow so deep that I shed no tears. Just deep felt sorrow. Sorrow over the events that have taken place in our lives. The things that have lead

in to my decision to throw in the towel. It must be this way or I shall have no peace. Everyday I'm around him - silence surrounds us like a blanket of discontentment. If I don't stop and make a stand now I will end up hating him. That is something I don't want to happen.

So, for the time now, he's free and whatever happens to him happens. It is out of my hands now.

I keep thinking about all the times he's made me feel so worthless and the pain is so awful. And I have the nerve, the stupidity to think that he doesn't know I love him. I really want him to get his act together so that we can be as one,

and enjoy a real love affair. But knowing him the way I do — he will not change. He'll probably go on a drunken lying and sleep with whomever he wants. But he won't be about making changes in his life for the better. He's too weak for that. ~~Still~~ trying to play ~~both~~ sides of the fence. That ~~macho~~ bullshit. Hanging out with street niggers who are bigger fagots ~~than~~ anyone I ~~know~~. People who can't help him do shit, but worsen the situation. For me this probably means a life of loneliness for a while, but so it must be.

I fear that what I long for I shall never have — a Lover who loves me as I am and as much as I not

more than I Love him. One who treats me with respect and is as romantic about Love as am I. One who works with me side by side obtaining the things or shall we say goals we want from ~~this thing~~ called Life. Some one to stand by me and watch over me. I thank the Lord for keeping me so close to where my heart is through this ordeal. For without him I surely would have perished. **Thank you Jesus** for **never** letting **me** walk **alone**. Now the real hard part starts putting myself ahead of the pain and depression that will come and getting on with those goals I have set for myself.

5/26/89

Comfort me Jesus in my
Lonely hour
Comfort me when I feel I
Can't go on
Comfort me I am weak
Jesus
Comfort me and watch over
Kenny.

Tuesday, 6/06/89

Last night was the thriller — I was on the phone with CHUCK, a nice young queen I met in Talahassee this past Sunday when KENNY called. He said he wanted to come over to get a pair of jeans to wear to work. It seems he's started working at the Shearton - washing dishes. Hip-Hip-HOORAY! Just something temporary I'm sure. He goes to court on the 13th of this month - so he said. So I'll just wait and see what happens. We drank a beer, I smoked a couple (3) joints and I got really deep with the things I had to say. Overall I still held back quite a bit. But I made clear the things I felt. As usual I always do and they never seem to really

stick with him. I keep thinking I'm mad because I even bother with him after taking my T.V. set. But there is method in my madness. I am determined to show Kenny that I can get along without him - both emotionally and financially. I will continue to see other people as I am sure he will as well. But that will not be any of my concern just like it will not be his concern about the people I sleep with. Or spend time with. Our lives are our own to do with as we please. But it's just a phase because we aren't going to last for very long. Soon one will get tired of the other being funny and spending time with others and it will all be over.

June ~~16~~ 25, 89

So, now does life bring me to yet another episode in its melodramatic thriller. The source of my happiness and unhappiness still remains to be Kenny. We spent a night together - correction morning together, that was so filled with passion - The best that I can remember. Thursday night / Friday morning listening to Prince (Batman) the new release, we made passion love all morning. I barely made it to sleep by 6.00 am. We made a date for Friday night. He called & said he would be there by 8:30 pm. He never made it. I'm so totally lost in Love and obsessed with the Love we made that it's making my heart hard as a rock. So

I must fight with all inside ~~me to~~ keep him out and away from me. Not only him + most everyone. Church and anybody else. My excursion downtown must stop, again I have to go a step further to rise up against all that goes on around me. Placing myself in a world where I am able to handle this feeling of great loss. But it seems like I will not be able to do it until I just stop seeing him all together. This is much harder than I even realize. Tonight when I get off work I will be so relieved to get to my little corner of the world and just really chill.

I have felt like I was loosing my mind so many times, but this has to be the closest to being true. I ephasize

from keeping such late hours, and wretched from having reached out to someone and having them evade me at every turn. If I don't stop now and realize that this must be the end to this and all ties must be cut. Then I will continue to be hurt

June 27, 1989

Well, problems do arise! Last night I threw all caution to the wind & did something quite foolish. I took a young man into my house to engage in sexual acts. Some of which we did. I couldn't get it up again. So far its been impossible for me to get it up with anyone except Lenny - and I have had some trouble with him as well. (Getting it up)

I should have made him wait like I wanted too. But no I let Daniel leave him in my house. He's a perfect young man, but not my type at all. I liked his conversation, but he's still quite immature. But it was definitely a mistake. He's hot to trot - as far as the thing he's willing to do in bed. So that was cute, but he's a neighborhood boy and it's just not worth the talk it would cost in the neighborhood. He claims he wants to be my Baby. I say, "no!" No ifs ands. He seems to be quite taken with me, but if he doesn't take care of the things I ask of him then he can go to hell. Time will tell the story of how things go with he and I. I've been real honest

with him. He knows about Kenny, and he knows from what went on last night that I call the shots. Anyway it would not have mattered to him if Daniel and I both would have had him last night. So I will be nice and speak to him when I see him and that will be it. Until he proven to be worthy of my company. There are a few things I want him to change about himself. He smells for one - don't come looking empty handed, is something I have to train him to do. But strange as it may seem it was quite exciting and I kinda like him.

Stranger even Kenny called called around 6^00 this morning saying something about a job and needing clothes. He came over and knocked

I didn't hear him so he called again and woke me up. I let him in he used the phone and so on and so forth and went to sleep on the floor still wearing the same clothes he left in Sunday. A poor pathetic looking shadow of a man. I know now more than ever that I have to have a real serious conversation with him. He really needs to pull himself together again.

A theatrical dance number
Center on two - male female
with models dancing
around to tell story
of fashion

Anthony Carl Damott

Anthony Carl Daniels

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